

FAMILY GUY

"Love Thy Trophy"

Production #1ACX13

Written by

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Created by

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TABLE DRAFT
November 20, 1998

“Love Thy Trophy”

CAST LIST FOR #1ACX13:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN
MEG GRIFFIN.....LACEY CHABERT (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
AFRICAN BOY.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
BIKER.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
CHARLTON HESTON.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
CHINESE GIRL.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
CLERK.....TBD (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY
CLEVELAND JR.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
DEBBIE.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
DELORES.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
DIANE.....LORI ALAN (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
EXECUTIVE #1.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
EXECUTIVE #2.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
EXECUTIVE #3.....TBD (SUB: MATT WEITZMAN)
FLAPPY.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
GIRL #1.....LORI ALAN (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
GIRL #2.....ALEX BORSTEIN
HAJI.....TBD (SUB: ANDREW GORMLEY)
JACK.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: ANDREW GORMLEY)
KYLE.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
LORETTA.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
MEXICAN BOY.....TBD (SUB: MATT WEITZMAN)
MRS. KANNER.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
ROD SERLING.....SETH MACFARLANE
SALESPERSON.....TBD (SUB: MATT WEITZMAN)
SANDY BELFER.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
SARAH.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
TAMMY.....ALEX BORSTEIN
TOM.....SETH MACFARLANE
WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)

ACT ONE

INT. ACTION NEWS 5 SET - DAY (ON TV)

TOM and DIANE sit at the anchor desk. On the screen behind them, we see footage of a golf course. A triumphant O.J. SIMPSON is being mobbed by an adoring CROWD.

TOM

Good evening. I'm Tom Tucker.

DIANE

And I'm Diane Simmons. A stunning revelation tonight as the real killer is behind bars and O.J. Simpson is proven innocent. But first...

TOM

(HAPPILY) It's Fall! The time of year when leaves turn that pretty purply orange and Quahog prepares for its annual Harvest Festival Parade.

DIANE

Asian reporter Tammy Takanawa joins us live from the ceremony where they're choosing this year's theme.

Tammy?

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

TAMMY stands in the middle of a field. Next to her is a large cage full of white birds. A huge CROWD is gathered.

TAMMY

Diane, behind me are one thousand beautiful doves.

(MORE)

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Gently tied to each of their delicate legs is a theme suggested by ordinary citizens of Quahog. And here to pick this year's winning theme is "Ten Commandments" star, Charlton Heston.

CHARLTON HESTON steps into frame.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Anything you'd like to say, Mr. Heston?

CHARLTON HESTON

(RAISES ARMS) Let my pigeons go!

The cage opens and the birds fly away. Everyone **cheers**. Heston pulls out a shotgun and **fires**. A dove falls.

TAMMY

He nailed one! We have our theme!

The dead bird is handed to Heston. Tammy reaches for the tag.

INT. CLEVELAND'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLEVELAND and an excited LORETTA watch TV. Their seven-year-old son, CLEVELAND JUNIOR, jumps up and down on a chair.

CLEVELAND

I submitted "Togetherness". A simple theme, but powerful nonetheless.

INT. SWANSONS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOE, DEBBIE (still very pregnant), and KYLE watch the ceremony. Joe **claps** robustly.

JOE

Come on, "Overcoming Adversity!"
Let's go "Overcoming Adversity!"

INT. QUAGMIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he watches TV, QUAGMIRE, in his swank 50's-style bachelor pad, prepares to swing a golf club.

QUAGMIRE

Show me "Great Women of the 20th
Century." I've already got the names
picked out (WHIPS OUT A LITTLE BLACK
BOOK) and the numbers, all right!

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

Tammy excitedly unties the theme from the dead dove's leg and tosses the bird aside. She hands the theme to Heston.

CHARLTON HESTON

And the Harvest Festival Parade theme
is... "The episode of 'Who's the
Boss' where Tony sees Angela naked in
the shower?"

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER, LOIS, CHRIS, and STEWIE watch TV. (Brian is reading a pretentious, artsy magazine called "bone.")

PETER

Yes! That's mine! Un-freakin'-
believable!

Peter starts dancing around the room. Stewie looks up from his alphabet blocks where he's just finished spelling "Redrum."

STEWIE

Clumsy oaf! Gregory Hines must be
turning over in his grave. Wait a
minute, he's not dead. Damn!
(SCRIBBLES ON A PAD) Gregory Hines.

LOIS

Peter, it's great they picked your
theme, but isn't it a little esoteric?

Peter stops dancing and we ZOOM INTO his brain.

INT. PETER'S BRAIN/EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM (CUTAWAY)

Several EXECUTIVES sit around a large boardroom table. A
slide projector projects the word "esoteric" against a screen.

EXECUTIVE #1

Could it mean "sexy?"

EXECUTIVE #2

I think it's a science term or
something.

EXECUTIVE #3

No, you guys, I'm telling you, it
means "very stingy."

EXECUTIVE #1

C'mon, c'mon! She's waiting!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Esoteric? Lois, Tony Danza's one of
the most generous men in Hollywood.

BRIAN

(WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Swing and a miss.

MEG enters and **slams** her books on the table, **weeping**.

MEG

I have no friends and it's all
because of this stupid purse!

Peter picks up the purse and shakes it violently.

PETER

What did you do to my daughter!

LOIS

Peter! (TO MEG) Honey, what happened?

MEG

Well, it was lunch time...

INT. HALLWAY LOCKERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Meg is at her locker with her purse. At the next locker is a group of FOUR GIRLS, all wearing Prada bags.

GIRL #1

I love the color of your Prada bag.

GIRL #2

Yeah, but yours has that great clasp.

GIRL #1

Hey, Meg, wanna come to lunch? Oh,
you know what? There's no room in my
car for your big, ugly purse.

They **laugh** and run off. Meg, upset, stuffs her purse into her locker. MRS. KANNER, a friendly teacher, walks up and touches Meg's shoulder.

MRS. KANNER

Meg, let me tell you about
popularity--

GIRL #1 (O.S.)

Mrs. Kanner, are you coming?

MRS. KANNER

(TO MEG) Bye.

Mrs. Kanner turns and runs off, her Prada bag **whacking** Meg in the face.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

Meg, I believe people who judge you
by what you wear aren't people whose
judgement you should care about in
the first place.

MEG

Mom, you shop at Sears. Daddy, if
you really loved me, you'd buy me a
Prada bag.

PETER

Aw, I can't say no to you, honey.
What are they, like, ten bucks?

Peter gives her a bill.

MEG

(COY) More like eleven... hundred.

Peter swipes back the bill and **laughs** in her face.

PETER

You wish I loved you that much!Meg **sighs**.

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

Peter supervises as Quagmire, Cleveland and Joe half-
heartedly work on a float. Quagmire sculpts chicken wire in
the shape of breasts, Cleveland **sands** the wood, Joe uses his
wheelchair arms to support wood which he **saws**. Peter is
looking over plans as if he were the job foreman.

PETER

We're never gonna get this float done
in time for the parade!

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Let's pick up the pace! Quagmire,
Angela's breasts are done. Move on.
Cleveland! More hammering, less
yammering. Joe, you're paralyzed,
you're not a vegetable. What's with
you guys?

JOE

Peter, your theme's a dud.

CLEVELAND

Yeah, I've never even seen "Who's the
Boss."

QUAGMIRE

Tuesdays in the '80s? Peter, I was
always in bed by eight. And home by
midnight. Oh!

PETER

C'mon, you guys, every year we lose
because we have to build a float
around someone else's crappy theme.
Remember last year? (DERISIVELY)
"Viva Las Vegas?"

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter, Cleveland, and Quagmire walk beside their float, a Mount Rushmore-like display of Sammy Davis, Jr., Sinatra, and Dean Martin. The float **hits** a pothole and one of Sammy's eyes **pops** out. It rolls down the street, like the giant boulder in Indiana Jones. Peter runs in front of it, terrified.

PETER

Ahhh!

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - MORNING (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

But this year we got a real chance at winning! I'm an expert on TV. I know "Who's The Boss" like the back of my crotch.

The guys look doubtful. Brian calls from where he sits drinking a beer on the porch.

BRIAN

Peter? Side bar?

Peter goes over to Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(RE: BEER) First of all, what did I tell you about buying domestic? And secondly, if you want this float built, you have to motivate your team. Tell them how important they are. Remind them that you can't do it without them.

PETER

You're right, Brian. I'm gonna lie my ass off!

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Stewie's in his high chair as Lois unloads the dishwasher. Chris enters with some papers.

CHRIS

Hey, Mom! Check it out, I'm helping
Dad with the float! I went on the
Internet and downloaded pictures of
Judith Light's rack!

Chris starts for the back door.

LOIS

Chris! That's a terrible word. Rack.
Chris is gone. Meg enters from the living room.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oh, Meg, I'm goin' over to Cleveland
and Loretta's to work on flowers for
the float. Can you watch Stewie?

MEG

Sure, Mom. I'll sling him over my
shoulder and pretend he's a Prada bag
instead of a drooling one year-old
who needs to be changed every hour.
That'll make the phone ring.

Lois hands off Stewie to Meg. Lois exits.

STEWIE

(TO MEG) You call that a grip? If
you drop me, I swear they'll find
bits of you strewn about the
neighborhood. (RE: HER PURSE) What a
lovely satchel. Must have been the
pick of the swap meet.

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - LATER

ANGLE ON Quagmire. He's listlessly sculpting the chicken wire into a head. Peter pops into frame.

PETER

Good work, Quagmire. The rest of these guys don't even know what they're doing. But you? You're the glue that holds this float together. You...and the glue.

QUAGMIRE

Awwwright!

Quagmire smiles, proud, and goes to work with renewed vigor.

ANGLE ON Cleveland, **sanding** some wood. Peter pops into frame.

CLEVELAND

If you've come to criticize, the line forms behind Loretta.

PETER

How can I criticize the only man on this crew who knows what he's doing? Let me tell you "who's the boss," Cleveland. You are! But don't tell the others.

They share a nod, then Cleveland starts **sanding** furiously.

ANGLE ON Joe. He **saws** a board in two. Peter pops into frame. He takes the board aside and sits in Joe's lap.

PETER (CONT'D)

Joe, I'm telling ya, you are the cornerstone of this operation.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

These other guys aren't half the man
you are, and since you're half a man
yourself, that splits them into some
kind of fraction I can't even measure.

Joe is flattered and extends his hand. Peter shakes it.

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - LATER

Lois, Debbie, and Loretta arrive carrying baskets of flowers.
Kyle and Chris measure a board as Cleveland Jr. eagerly
watches.

KYLE

My Dad always says, "measure twice,
cut once."

CLEVELAND JR.

My Daddy always says, "Cleveland Jr.!
Quit jumpin' on the bed!"

He grabs the saw and quickly starts **cutting**.

KYLE

(FREAKING) We didn't measure! We
didn't measure!

ANGLE ON Peter and Brian, watching Cleveland, Quagmire, and
Joe working feverishly on the float.

PETER

Keep up the good work, guys! Don't
forget what I told you when I pulled
each of you aside individually!

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY

Meg, pushing Stewie in his stroller, passes a pancake house
with a "WAITRESS WANTED" sign in the corner of the window.

MEG

Hey, Stewie, if I had a job, I could
buy the bag myself.

STEWIE

Hmm. I squandered my munitions
budget on that insipid "Rugrats"
video. Perhaps I should seek
employment as well. But doing what?

PUSH IN on Stewie as he muses...

EXT. STREET - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Stewie rides a big wheel with a basket of newspapers. He passes a house and throws a newspaper. He passes another house and throws another newspaper. He passes the White House, pulls out a grenade, bites off the pin, and throws it. We hear an **explosion** behind him as he rides on.

INT. FLAPPY JACK'S - MOMENTS LATER (BACK TO SCENE)

Meg and Stewie are at the register with FLAPPY JACK, a grumpy old man with a heart of gold. He looks over her application.

FLAPPY

No experience? No thanks.

Meg **sighs** and begins to leave. DELORES, a kindly, middle-aged waitress, **whispers** to Flappy and points to Stewie.

FLAPPY (CONT'D)

Aw, nuts. (CALLS OUT) Young lady?

Meg turns around. Flappy walks over and gives Stewie a cookie. After smelling it, Stewie begins munching on it.

FLAPPY (CONT'D)

What's the little guy's name?

MEG

What do you care?

FLAPPY

I'm Flappy, the grumpy old man with
a heart of gold. I can't send an
unwed teenage mother out on the
street without a job.

MEG

(QUICKLY) Stewie. My son's name is
Stewie.

Stewie does a **spit-take**, sending cookie crumbs everywhere.

EXT. MAIN STREET - A FEW DAYS LATER

Parade SPECTATORS line the street. Tom and Diane sit at a
raised desk, preparing for air. Tom presses his finger to
one nostril while **blowing** hard through the other, trying to
clear it. Diane notices they're on.

DIANE

Hello! Welcome to the Eighty-third
annual Quahog Harvest Day Parade!
Are you as excited as I am, Tom?

TOM

Are you kidding, Diane? I've got
wood. (PULLS OUT A CLIPBOARD) And
clipped onto this piece of wood is a
list of this year's float entries.

DIANE

Remember, the float that best
captures this year's theme wins
Quahog's coveted Golden Clam.

She gestures to a trophy in the shape of a large Golden Clam.

TOM

And here's our first float!

ANGLE ON A car towing a float which depicts Tony walking in on an old, red-haired woman, who smiles from behind the shower. The banner reads "Clover Street."

DIANE (O.S.)

Oh, looks like some wires got crossed
on Clover Street. That's not Angela.
That's Mona, Angela's mom.

TOM (O.S.)

Wonderful use of tree bark for the
age spots, though.

ANGLE ON the next float. It features Tony bathing a young, blonde boy in a bathtub. Below is a banner reading "Selby Avenue."

TOM (CONT'D; O.S.)

This one's got Tony bathing Jonathan.
Well, that's just plain wrong.

DIANE (O.S.)

Now, Tom, each float possesses its
own unique charm, but so far none of
them--

TOM (O.S.)

Oh, baby, look at that!

ANGLE ON Our guys' float. It's an absolute behemoth compared to the others. Tony has a mechanical arm which opens and closes the shower door, while Angela's arm grabs a towel and covers her privates. The banner at the bottom reads "Spooner Street." Everyone from our neighborhood walks alongside the float, waving proudly to the crowd.

JOE

Peter, the float turned out great!
(POINTEDLY TO KYLE) Except for a soap
dish that someone didn't measure
twice before cutting.

Kyle hangs his head.

CLEVELAND

Yes, Peter, I can't recall a time
when our neighborhood was so united.

PETER

This float is the most beautiful
thing ever. I couldn't ask for
anything more.

EXT. JUDGE'S PODIUM - LATER

Peter and the gang stand on the podium.

DIANE

First place goes to Spooner Street!

Everyone **cheers**. Peter and Lois kiss. Cleveland and Loretta
kiss. Joe and Debbie kiss. Quagmire grabs Diane and kisses
her. Diane **slaps** him across the face, then passionately
kisses him back. Tom hands them the trophy to hold. A
PHOTOGRAPHER aims his camera. Peter, Cleveland, Quagmire and
Joe, all with a hand on the trophy, smile. The photographer
takes the picture and exits. However, instead of dispersing,
everyone keeps a firm grasp on the trophy. They **chuckle**
awkwardly. Each of them subtly pulls on the trophy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. JUDGE'S PODIUM - LATE AFTERNOON**

Peter, Joe, Cleveland and Quagmire all still hold the trophy. The women stand nearby. The podium is now being dismantled and the JANITOR sweeps up around them.

LORETTA

C'mon now, this is damn foolish.

LOIS

You boys have been holding onto that trophy for five hours.

PETER

My theme, my trophy.

QUAGMIRE

My Aunt Fanny. I was the glue that held this float together.

CLEVELAND

Normally I would feel a job well done is its own reward, but it's time Cleveland got his due.

DEBBIE

Joe, my feet are starting to swell.

JOE

(PATS HER BELLY) You two go home. I can stay here as long as it takes.

(TO OTHERS) I once had a stake-out that lasted sixteen days.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I lived on a pack of gum, a thermos
of cold coffee, and whatever protein
I could scrape off the windshield.
This is child's play.

PETER

There's only one way to settle this.

Peter pulls out a gun. The women **shriek**, the men cover their
heads with their free arm.

PETER (CONT'D)

Russian roulette. Three bullets.
Last guy standing keeps the trophy.
Me first!

Peter raises the gun to his head.

BRIAN

Whoa, Peter! There's got to be a way
for you all to enjoy the trophy.

Everyone thinks.

PETER

I got it! Nope, lost it. Uhp, there
it is again!

EXT. SPOONER STREET - A LITTLE LATER

The huge Tony and Angela from the float, each on one side of
the street, form an arch. Their hands meet in the center,
providing a platform on which the Golden Clam trophy rests.

LOIS (O.S.)

Oh, Peter, it's beautiful.

WIDEN OUT to reveal Peter, Lois, Cleveland, Loretta, Joe,
Debbie and Quagmire in the street admiring their work.

DEBBIE

Now we can all share it! Isn't that
clever?

JOE

(TO PETER) Case closed. Nice work,
rookie.

LORETTA

I've got three words for you: Mmm-
mmm-mmm!

QUAGMIRE

All's well that ends well.

CLEVELAND

Here's to togetherness.

The neighbors share a group hug. Peter looks o.s.

PETER

(ALARMED) Car. Car. Car!

They all scurry out of the way of an approaching car.

EXT./ESTAB. FLAPPY JACK'S PANCAKE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

INT. FLAPPY JACK'S PANCAKE HOUSE - SAME

Meg comes over to Stewie, who sits at the counter in a
booster chair.

MEG

(LOUD) How you doing, son?

STEWIE

Oh, delightful, mother! This place
is a veritable melange of naugahyde,
yellow teeth, and second-hand smoke.
Why, I'm in Oz!

Flappy **bangs** a bell twice.

FLAPPY

Meg, order up!

Meg crosses away. Delores gives Stewie a plate of pancakes.

DELORES

Here ya go, hon. From Flappy himself.

Flappy salutes Stewie from behind the kitchen food counter.

STEWIE

I don't care if they're from Idi

Amin. Why on earth would I want to

ingest this fluffy melanoma?

DELORES

Try 'em, you'll like 'em.

Delores cuts a bite and feeds it to Stewie.

STEWIE

Yes, well I rather doubt that-- Oh...

Oh, yes! These are delectable!

(CALLS OUT) Flappy, good news! I've

decided not to kill you!

Stewie grabs a fork and starts devouring the pancakes.

ANGLE ON Meg. She collects her tip (coins only) from an empty table and **sighs**. A COUPLE at the next table gets up and the man starts to leave a tip. The woman turns to Meg.

WOMAN

What a precious little boy.

MEG

Oh, that's my br-- son.

WOMAN

Your son? But you look so young.

The woman nudges her husband who throws down another bill. They exit. Meg brightens when she takes the money.

MEG

(SOTTO) Twenty bucks!

ANOTHER COUPLE enters the diner. Meg rushes over to them.

MEG (CONT'D)

Welcome to Flappys! Why don't you
have a seat at the counter, next to
my little baby whose deadbeat dad
doesn't pay child support?

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT YARD - THE NEXT DAY

An idyllic morning. Peter steps outside. He **breathes** in the fresh air and looks skyward. His eyes widen. We **ZOOM IN** to the top of the arch where... the trophy is gone!

PETER

(WOMAN'S SCREAM) Aaaaaaaaah!

Lois comes out of the house.

LOIS

Peter, are you okay?

Cleveland and Loretta come out of their house as Joe rolls out of his house with a flashing red light on his wheelchair, brandishing a gun. There's a quick **siren blast**.

JOE

Clear the way! I'm a cop!

The gun **fires**. Off stage, we hear a man **groan**.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, my god! I thought the safety was
on! I'm so sorry.

We see Charlton Heston, holding his chest. A big red stain appears through his fingers.

CHARLTON HESTON

(STRUGGLING) That's okay, son. It's
your right as an American citizen.

Heston staggers off. Quagmire runs out in his silk kimono and pajamas.

QUAGMIRE

What's all the noise, boys? I was
just jerk-- (SEES THE LADIES) --ed
out of a sound sleep.

CLEVELAND

(GAZING UP) Perhaps someone could
enlighten me as to the whereabouts of
our Golden Clam? Clams don't just
walk or scamper or clammy-whammy
themselves away somehow or--

LORETTA

Baby, slow your roll.

CLEVELAND

Thank you, Loretta. You ground me.

LORETTA

So where's the damn trophy?

QUAGMIRE

Maybe it fell.

PETER

Yeah, right into someone's pocket.

JOE

You think one of us stole it?

PETER

I never said the word "stole." Looks like someone has a guilty conscience.

JOE

(LAUGHS) Peter, I'm a cop.

PETER

(LAUGHS BACK) The perfect alibi. Maybe too perfect.

CLEVELAND

Actually, I do recall seeing Joe out in his yard last night.

Everyone quickly turns to Joe.

JOE

So what? I like to write haiku by the full moon. (TO CLEVELAND) What were you doing up so late?

CLEVELAND

Hey, I was cleaning out my fish aquarium. Cleveland Junior dropped a whole box of Alka Seltzer in there. (CHUCKLES) The bubblin' treasure chest got his mind to thinkin'. I have too much on my hands to steal a trophy. (RE: QUAGMIRE) Unlike Mr. Bachelor here.

They all turn on Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE

Aw, you fellas don't think-- aw, this has gotta be some kinda gag! A crazy, elaborate gag! Besides, Peter's the one who wanted the trophy all along.

They turn on Peter.

PETER

Yeah, what about me? Do I mind telling me where I was last night? I'm waiting.

LOIS

Peter, you're questioning yourself.

PETER

Lois, please, I'm this close to a confession.

DEBBIE

Those Griffins always were oddballs, Joe. Real oddballs. I don't trust them.

LOIS

You know who I don't trust, Debbie?
(POINTS AT HER) People with Captain
and Tennille salt shakers!

Everyone **gasps** and starts **shouting** things at each other, i.e., "Look at those beady eyes!", "I never liked that guy", "Are those my pants?", etc. We **PAN OVER** and the neighborhood transforms to black and white. We stop on ROD SERLING who looks severely into the **CAMERA**.

ROD SERLING

I offer you a recipe. Combine one part small town neighborhood with a dash of missing trophy and what you're left with is a gumbo fit only for a madman. A gumbo served almost exclusively...in The Twilight--

PETER (O.S.)

Hey, who the hell's that? I bet he took the trophy! Get him!

Rod looks around anxiously then turns and runs. Our guys angrily give chase with sticks and stones.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

PUSH IN on a window. Peter looks through the blinds.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois makes breakfast. Peter's still at the window. Meg enters, carrying Stewie. She's dressed in her uniform.

MEG

Well, I'm off to work.

PETER

Okay, honey. (THEN:) One of them took that trophy, Lois. And I'm gonna find out who, even if I have to quit my job, sell the house, and leave you and the kids behind to do it.

LOIS

This whole thing just makes me sick.

MEG

I'm taking Stewie with me again.
We're, uh, bonding.

LOIS

That's fine, sweetie.

PETER

It's like they've lost sight of
what's really important.

LOIS

Bastards.

Stewie bangs on Meg's head twice as if it's a bell.

STEWIE

Ding, ding! Order up, Chubby! It's
Buttermilk Sunday!

MEG

(BEAT) Well. Bye.

Meg exits with Stewie.

LOIS

Boy, we really misjudged our
neighbors. They used to be our best
friends.

PETER

Well, that was then. And this is
now. And this is a chair. And
that's a lamp. And you have boobies.
And I'm gonna find that trophy!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - SAME

Peter, Lois, and Chris sit across from Joe, Debbie, and Kyle. Under the following, Chris eats some candy from a dish on the coffee table. Kyle takes a piece, but Debbie glances at him disapprovingly. He **sighs** and puts the candy back.

JOE

To be honest, Debbie and I were a
little surprised you invited us over.

PETER

Well, we realized our friendship is
a lot more important than some stupid
trophy.

The **whistle** of a kettle blows. Peter heads to the kitchen.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, there's the tea. I'll get it,
Lois. Two sugars, right, Debbie?

Peter exits to the kitchen. After a beat we hear a **door slam**.

EXT. SPOONER STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Peter runs from the Griffins' house to the house next door.

INT. SWANSONS' LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter quickly rummages through cabinets, dumps out drawers, guts open the vacuum bag, flips over a table, etc.

PETER

Damn, it's not here!

He runs out. After a beat, he runs back in, rights the table, puts his palms out in a "there, I think that's everything" gesture, then runs out.

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - LATE**INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME**

Peter and Quagmire sit at a booth, drinking cocktails.

QUAGMIRE

(WARY) Thanks for the bloody, buddy,
but what gives? I thought our
friendship was phubar.

PETER

Are you kiddin', we're pals! And my
pal needs a coaster. I'll get it!

Peter exits. We hear a door slam.

EXT. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter runs past a mailbox marked "G. Quagmire" and into the house.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter turns on the light. A phonograph starts playing, "One Mint Julep". The decor is swanky-fifties bachelor pad. (A wall slowly spins around, revealing a fully-stocked cocktail bar. There's colored lights, animal skin upholstery, lots of mirrors, a fountain with a cherub peeing, etc.) Peter is momentarily startled by his reflection in the ceiling, then he disappears into the closet. He doesn't notice that the inside of the closet door is plastered with pictures of Lois. Quagmire's belongings come sailing out of the closet. After a beat, Peter comes out. He notices the pictures of Lois.

PETER

Huh. (THEN) Nothing.

He runs out.

EXT./ESTAB. PARIS - DAY

EXT. PARIS - SAME

Peter, Cleveland, and Loretta, all wearing berets, stand at the base of the Eiffel Tower.

CLEVELAND

Peter, extending the olive branch is
one thing, but an all-expense paid
trip to Paris is tres genereux.

LORETTA

(CALLING O.S.) Cleveland Jr., get
your black ass off that tower!

CLEVELAND JR. (O.S.)

My name's Franklin! I'm my own man!
I want some french fries!

PETER

Isn't he cute? Let me get a picture.
Uhp, outta film. Be right back.

Peter runs off. Inexplicably, we hear a **door slam**.

INT. CLEVELAND'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Peter tears through the cabinets, pulls out the kitchen sink,
then goes to the fridge and opens it. Eureka! Inside is the
Golden Clam Trophy.

PETER

I knew it! I knew it!

He takes out the trophy and notices a slice of the base is
missing. He sticks his finger in the base and licks it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Damn, it's just a golden clam cake.
And I got my fingerprints on it. I
must now destroy the evidence.

Peter pulls up a chair and starts eating the cake.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The room has been torn apart, just like what Peter did to the
neighbors' houses. Peter, Lois, and Chris enter from outside.

LOIS

Oh, my god! We were robbed!

PETER

Is anything missing?

LOIS

(LOOKS AROUND) No, I don't think s--
Hey, where's that picture of me in my
two-piece at the Cape?

CHRIS

Should I call the cops?

PETER

No, I'm guessing a cop may have had
something to do with this. Or a
pilot. Or a deli owner.

LOIS

I can't believe they'd stoop so low!

PETER

Well, it's not the first time those
jerks have surprised us.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter and Lois enter and turn on the lights. The neighbors
are all gathered and the place is decorated for a party.

EVERYONE

Surprise! Happy anniversary!

They all go over and hug a shocked Peter and Lois.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

That should have been the tip-off!

He runs to the front door.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, you dirtbags! This means war!

EXT./ESTAB. HARDWARE EMPORIUM - LATER

INT. HARDWARE EMPORIUM - SAME

Peter and Lois push a cart filled with home security equipment, i.e., floodlights, sirens, motion detectors, barbed wire, sandbags, etc. They approach a SALESPERSON.

LOIS

Excuse us, we're having a small
problem with home security.

PETER

Do you have those round metal things
that you bury in the ground and when
you step on them they explode?

SALESPERSON

(CONFUSED) Land mines?

PETER AND LOIS

(OF COURSE!) Land mines!

Joe and Debbie, Cleveland and Loretta, and Quagmire, suddenly appear with their own carts. They eye each other warily.

PETER

Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE

Peter.

JOE

Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

Joe.

LOIS

Debbie.

DEBBIE

Lois.

QUAGMIRE

Cleveland.

JOE

Lois.

CLEVELAND

Debbie.

LOIS

Quagmire.

DEBBIE

Peter.

LORETTA

(BEAT, CLEARS HER THROAT)

CLEVELAND

Loretta.

Everyone glances at each other's baskets. They're all brimming with security equipment. There's an awkward beat.

LOIS

Oh, here are the scented mosquito

coils. Come on, Peter.

Lois throws a box into the cart and pushes it away. Peter follows. He nervously looks back at the others, then intentionally **knocks** over a large trash can marked "nails." Thousands of nails scatter on the floor behind him.

PETER

That oughta slow 'em down.

EXT./ESTAB. FLAPPY JACK'S PANCAKE HOUSE - DAY

INT. FLAPPY JACK'S PANCAKE HOUSE - SAME

Meg talks to a table of CUSTOMERS, who are rapt. Stewie sits at the counter near a woman in a suit (SANDY BELFER).

MEG

...The real victim here is my crack-addicted baby. Right, Stewie?

STEWIE

What's that? (CALLS OUT) Oh, yes, I'm jonesing! I need a fix.

MEG

This is the first time he's eaten something other than dog food in three weeks. (THEN, BRIGHTLY) Well, here's your check. God bless.

Meg puts down the check. The customers all throw their wallets on the table. Meg walks over to Stewie.

MEG (CONT'D)

(GIDDY) I only need a hundred more dollars for my Prada bag!

STEWIE

Bully for you. What I need are more pancakes, (PULLS HER CLOSE) AND LOTS OF THEM!

Delores puts a plate of pancakes down in front of Stewie.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

What's this? Blueberries? (TAKES BITE) Oooh, that's better than sex!

ANGLE ON Sandy Belfer, who takes her bill to Flappy at the register.

SANDY BELFER

Oh, and could I get that waitress'
address? I'd like to help her baby.

ANGLE ON Stewie. He's covered in syrup and pouring the last drops from a bottle into his mouth.

EXT. SPOONER STREET - DAY

The neighborhood is a war zone. Trenches, sandbags, and barbed wire protect everyone's houses. The Griffins have a castle turret on their roof where Peter stands guard, looking through field glasses and pointing a parabolic microphone at the neighbors. Lois brings him a glass of iced tea.

LOIS

What're they up to?

PETER

Well, Cleveland and Quagmire are
holding their positions, but I
haven't seen Joe all day.

ANGLE ON Joe's house. Kyle walks across the lawn with his school books.

JOE (O.S.)

Freeze!

Kyle freezes. He looks around and sees nothing.

KYLE

Dad?

Joe wheels out of position. We realize he's applied camouflage paint to himself that makes him blend into the bush, house, and window (like "Predator").

JOE

Careful, Kyle. There's a tripwire
two feet to your left.

KYLE

(NERVOUS) Thanks, Dad.

Joe wheels back and disappears into the background. Kyle avoids the tripwire, then **stumbles** over an invisible barrier.

JOE (O.S.)

(INVISIBLE) Look out for your mother!

DEBBIE (O.S.)

(INVISIBLE) There's a sandwich on the counter, dear.

ANGLE ON Cleveland's house. Loretta watches as Cleveland sets up a giant lobster trap on their lawn.

LORETTA

Cleveland, these lobster traps aren't gonna catch any intruders.

CLEVELAND

Yes, they will. I baited them with some plump and tasty Fenway franks.

CLEVELAND JR. (O.S.)

Daddy, we got one! Daddy, we got one!

They run around the side of the house to another giant lobster trap. Inside, Chris is eating a hotdog.

CLEVELAND JR.

Fat boy smelled the hotdog, couldn't help it! Went right in!

ANGLE ON Quagmire. He's dressed in a camouflage smoking jacket and sitting behind a bunker of sandbags in front of his house listening to "**Bubbles In The Wine.**" Sandy Belfer walks up to the sandbag wall.

SANDY BELFER

Hello?

QUAGMIRE

Hey, get the hell off my-- (SEES HER)
Well, helloooo, lipslegsbreastandass!

SANDY BELFER

Yes, I was hoping I could ask you
about your neighbors, the Griffins?

QUAGMIRE

The Griffins? Bunch a' damn Commies,
you ask me. Alll righ-- no, no, no,
it's not all right!

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON Cleveland and Loretta as they talk to Sandy. In the
b.g., Cleveland Junior pokes at Chris in the trap with a
stick. Cleveland Junior **laughs** his head off.

CLEVELAND

They are not to be trusted.

LORETTA

Mmm-hmmm.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON Joe and Debbie, dressed normally, talking to Sandy.

JOE

They're vile, cheating, lying scum.

DEBBIE

And their carpet and drape scheme?

Debbie pretends to stick her finger down her throat.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Stewie struggles in his chair as Lois tries to feed him.

STEWIE

No, no, I won't. Get that puree of loathsomeness away from me!

LOIS

But you love mashed turkey and peas.

STEWIE

I'm sorry, what was that? I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that. Did you just tell me what I love? Hmm? Write this down, you toad-faced frump! I love pancakes!

The doorbell rings. Lois picks up Stewie and crosses out.

INT. GRIFFINS' FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Lois, holding Stewie, opens the door to reveal Sandy flanked by TWO UNIFORMED OFFICERS.

SANDY BELFER

Hi, little fella! (THEN) Is Meg Griffin here?

LOIS

No, she's not.

SANDY BELFER

(TO MEN) Probably out scoring more rock. (FLASHES BADGE) Sandy Belfer, Child Services. We're placing the baby in a foster home.

LOIS

What? You're not taking my son anywhere!

SANDY BELFER

Your son? I was told you were liars.

STEWIE

For god's sake, feed me!

SANDY BELFER

Let me guess. You ran out of dog
food. What an awful home for a child.

LOIS

How dare you! This is a wonderful
home.

We hear an **explosion**.

PETER (O.S.)

Quagmire, ya rat bastard, come near
my fence again and that'll be your
head!

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

Hey, shut up!

SANDY BELFER

(TO STEWIE) Honey, would you like
some pancakes!

STEWIE

Yes, god, yes! Take me!

He jumps into Sandy's arms. She walks away. The men hold
Lois back.

LOIS

Stewie!

On Lois' anguished face, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lois sits on the sofa, weeping. Peter enters.

LOIS

Oh, Peter, they took Stewie!

PETER

Those damn neighbors! (SNAPS FINGERS)

They musta done it when that Child
Services van was parked in the
driveway.

Meg enters, swinging her new purse and posing stylishly.

MEG

Next up is Meg Griffin, sporting her
new Prada bag--

LOIS

Oh, Meg! A woman from Child Services
came and took Stewie away! She said
we fed him dog food.

MEG

(UH-OH) Dog food, huh?

PETER

Don't worry, Lois! Nothing's gonna
stop me from getting our son ba--
(NOTICES) Hey, nice purse!

LOIS

Meg, how did you make eleven hundred
dollars as a waitress in one week?

MEG

It's easy. (SHEEPISH) When you're the
unwed teenage mother of a crack-
addicted baby. Hehehehe.

PETER

(STUNNED) Wait a minute! Meg, when
did you become a teenager?

LOIS

She's sixteen, Peter.

PETER

(SHOCKED) You knew about this?

MEG

I am so sorry!

LOIS

Meg, how could you! Oh, my poor
baby! They're probably gonna put him
in some awful foster home.

EXT./ESTAB. FOSTER HOME - DAY

An idyllic suburban family home.

INT. FOSTER HOME - DAY

JACK AND SARAH KERN, a sweet, politically-correct couple
carry Stewie through their modestly-furnished home.

SARAH

He's so precious. It's hard to
believe he came from such a bad home.

JACK

That's why we have to love him extra
special, Sarah.

SARAH

Baby Stewie, say hello to your new
brothers and sisters.

They turn a corner and SIX ETHNICALLY DIVERSE KIDS (ages 3-5) smile up at them. Stewie sees them and **gasps**. Sarah puts Stewie down and the children walk up to him, one by one.

MEXICAN BOY

Hola, Stewie.

CHINESE GIRL

Neehow, Stewie.

AFRICAN BOY

(CLICK-TONGUE), Stewie.

STEWIE

Good god, I've been adopted by a
Benetton ad!

EXT./ESTAB. CHILD SERVICES - DAY

A large sign reads "Child Services." A smaller sign below it reads "Taking your children away for over fifty years."

INT. CHILD SERVICES - SAME

Peter, Lois, Meg, Chris, and Brian sit in the waiting room. Meg tries to comfort a **sniffling** Lois. A MALE CLERK sits behind a window marked "Appeals." Peter sits next to an unshaven, dangerous-looking BIKER.

PETER

...and even though she was just
pretending my son was a crack baby,
they still took him away!

BIKER

Well, at least you didn't hack up his
mother.

PETER

No, no, I didn't.

CLERK (O.S.)

(CALLING OUT) Pigsblood!

BIKER

Welp, that's me. Good luck.

The Biker goes to the window.

ANGLE ON Chris and Brian. Chris sees a mother being given her small child.

CHRIS

Wow. So this is where babies come from?

BRIAN

(ANNOYED) Yes, Chris. This is where babies come from.

Chris turns to Lois.

CHRIS

You told me I came out of your vagina!

ANGLE ON the Biker at the window, talking to the Clerk.

BIKER

...and even though she was just pretending my son was a crack baby, they still took him away.

CLERK

Oh, man! Sorry, we really screwed that one up. Here ya go.

The Clerk opens a drawer, pulls out a BABY and hands it to the Biker who walks away.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Griffin!

The Griffins walk up to the window.

PETER

(TO CLERK) This is all a big mistake.

See, my daughter wanted this
expensive--

PETER AND CLERK

--purse real bad. So she got a
waitress job and told everyone she
had a crack baby so she'd get big
tips.

PETER

Jinx! You owe me a coke!

CLERK

(STERNLY) Next!

Peter's face falls.

EXT./ESTAB. FOSTER HOME - DAY

INT. FOSTER HOME KITCHEN - SAME

Stewie is on the counter, opening cabinets and **dumping** their
contents onto the floor. Jack and Sarah look on, concerned.

STEWIE

I want pancakes! Do you people
understand every language except
English? Yo quiero pancakes! Donnez-
moi pancakes! Click click bloody
click pancakes!

SARAH

Poor little guy. "Pancakes" must be
"street" for crack. Damn those
parents of his!

JACK

Sarah. Forgiveness. Now, Stewie, we
can't give you "pancakes," but
there's one thing we can give you...
H-U-G-S.

STEWIE

Really? Well, F-U-C--mmmm!

They hug him, smothering the last letter, which is most
likely P, or maybe L. They take him into:

INT. FOSTER HOME LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHINESE GIRL (O.S.)

Stewie!

Stewie turns and sees the multi-ethnic children lying on the
ground next to each other in a semi-circle.

CHINESE GIRL

Come complete our rainbow!

STEWIE

Aaaaahh!

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - LATER

The Griffins pull into the driveway. Lois gets out of the
car and breaks down **crying**. Peter goes over to her.

ANGLE ON the neighbors as they notice Lois **crying**. Loretta
and Debbie edge closer, the men more cautious.

JOE

Careful, Debbie. It could be a trap.

LORETTA

Lois, you okay, honey?

Lois turns and rails at them.

LOIS

You! You're all to blame for this as
much as anyone!

MEG

(SUBTLY PUMPS FIST, THEN QUIETLY) Yes.

Peter waves pages from the file at them.

PETER

You lied to them! You told Child
Services that we steal lawn mowers
and cheat on our taxes and worship
some guy named Stan!

DEBBIE

(OFF REPORT, SHEEPISH) Actually I
said "satan." That's a typo.

LOIS

(ANGUISHED) They took my Stewie away!
The neighbors exchange guilty looks.

JOE

We didn't know who that woman was.
It's not our fault.

LOIS

No? Then who's fault is it?!

BRIAN (O.S.)

It's all of yours.

Brian steps forward, walking through the crowd.

BRIAN

You were all working together just fine, but then you won that stupid trophy. You put some shiny, hunk of metal before your own friendships. For all you know, someone outside the neighborhood took it.

PETER

I bet it was John Hudson over on Elm.

EVERYONE BUT LOIS

Yeah!/Let's get him!/He's always been shifty!/His father's a paleontologist!

LOIS

No! We're doing it again! We're so obsessed with that trophy we're losing sight of what's really going on! We have a real problem to deal with!

PETER

Yeah, we have to get Stewie back!
All right! I said that.

JOE

Peter's right. If we can build a fifty-foot Tony Danza, we can save a one-and-a-half-foot Stewie Griffin. Let's do it!

Everyone ad-libs cheers: "C'mon!" "Yeah!" "Let's get Stewie!"

PETER

High-five!

Peter and Joe go to high-five each other. Because Joe's sitting down, his palm **smashes** into Peter's face while Peter's outreached palm goes over Joe's head.

INT. FOSTER HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah and Jack sit on the couch. The children, except Stewie, surround them.

SARAH

See kids, one day, the world is going
to be just like our home. All races
living together in harmony and love.

Suddenly, a large nearby bookcase tips over and **crashes** to the ground. Stewie stands behind the fallen bookcase as the family stares at him.

STEWIE

Pancakes.

SARAH

He must still be working the junk out
of his system. More hugs.

They start for Stewie when the doorbell **rings**.

STEWIE

Doorbell! Doorbell!

JACK

I'll get it. Haji, teach everyone
how to wrap a turban while I'm gone.

INT. FOSTER HOME FRONT DOOR - DAY

Jack opens the door to reveal Cleveland and Joe. Joe has a stack of books in his lap.

JOE

Shalom. I'm Thomas and this is Felix.

CLEVELAND

We're from the One World, One People
Book of the Month Club. Do you have
a spare minute?

JACK

Absolutely! (CALLING) Sarah, we have
guests! (EXCITED) And one of them's
differently-abled!

We **QUICKLY PAN** down the street to where Cleveland's Deli Van
is parked at the curb.

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI VAN - CONTINUOUS

Lois is at the wheel. Loretta, wearing headphones, aims the
big parabolic microphone toward the house. Debbie peers out
the van window with binoculars.

DEBBIE

They're in place! She's wearing a
pantsuit and-- Oh no, wait! They
look like separates! He's wearing--

LOIS

That's fine, Debbie. (INTO WALKIE-
TALKIE) Go!

EXT. FOSTER HOME ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Chris puts down his walkie-talkie. He slowly lets out a
length of rope down the chimney.

CHRIS

Here we go, Dad!

INT. FOSTER HOME LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Haji is demonstrating how to wrap a turban to the kids. Stewie sits off to the side, looking bored.

HAJI

Stewie, wanna learn how to wrap a turban?

STEWIE

Why don't you teach it to the Chinese girl? Or perhaps she can learn after her people invade your country.

HAJI

(TO CHINESE GIRL) Li, would your people really do this?

STEWIE

Oh, try and stop them. And try and stop Pablo's people from using drug money to buy arms from Li's countrymen, who will in turn sell them to Yuri's people, so that they can ethnically cleanse the rest of this nauseatingly diverse grab-bag of genetic party favors you call a family. So now you understand, yes? You all hate each other.

The children start to **cry**. Suddenly, Peter **crashes** down into the fireplace. The kids stop and stare up at him.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SEEING PETER) Oh, hosanna! It's the
lesser of two evils!

Peter puts his finger against his lips.

PETER

Oh, uh, hey kids. I'm, uh, Santa
Claus. Just practicing for
Christmas.

HAJI

But you're white. Jack and Sarah
told me Santa is Indian.

AFRICAN BOY

They told me he was Black.

HAJI

Santa can't be black. He has a job.

CHINESE GIRL

Cram it, towel head! He's Asian!

MEXICAN BOY

Wrong, Mulan. Santa's Latino. Open
your eyes! Oh, I'm sorry, that's as
far as they go.

They all start yelling, "**Redskin**", "**Igloohead**", and **random
angry clicking noises**. In seconds, they're all pushing and
fighting. Peter scoops up Stewie and embraces him.

PETER

C'mon, Stewie! We're outta here!

Peter carries Stewie out. Over Peter's shoulder, Stewie
waves his hands at the **squabbling** children.

STEWIE

Dance, puppets, dance!

INT. FOSTER HOME HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter pulls out a walkie-talkie.

PETER

Lois, we got him. It's all over.

LOIS (O.S.)

Careful, Peter! Joe and Cleveland
can't stall them anymore! They're
heading your way!

PETER

Aw, crap.

Peter hurries to a window where Meg stands outside waiting
for the hand off. Jack and Sarah burst into the room.

JACK

Hold it right there!

PETER

Or what?

Jack pulls out a shotgun and **double pumps** it. Peter holds
Stewie up and hides behind him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aaah! Don't shoot my baby!

EXT. FOSTER HOME FRONT DOOR - A LITTLE LATER

Jack and Sarah hold Stewie as they face the Griffins and
their neighbors, who are gathered before them.

LOIS

...So, we're terribly sorry we broke
into your home, but we just had to
get Stewie back somehow.

SARAH

Well, that's a very long story, but
we've grown attached to little
Stewie. Plus, the law is on our side.

PETER

Oh, you people can kiss the fattest
part of my ass. We'll be back,
Stewie.

Everyone turns to leave.

SARAH

Wait!

Sarah **whispers** something to her husband. He nods.

JACK

(TO MEG) Is that a real Prada bag?

Meg, fearful, clutches her bag tightly.

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - EVENING

The Griffins and their neighbors (except for Quagmire) sit at
a long picnic table eating dinner.

PETER

I'd like to propose a toast. To our
neighbors, who reminded us that by
working together and putting aside
our petty differences, we still
couldn't accomplish what an
overpriced lousy Spanish pocketbook
could.

JOE

Here, here!

Everyone drinks. Meg begins to **weep**, quietly.

LOIS

Hey, where's Quagmire? If it wasn't
for him we never would've found out
where Stewie's foster family lived.

PETER

I think he's still working undercover.

INT. QUAGMIRE'S BEDROOM - SAME (CUTAWAY)

Quagmire enters in a kimono, holding a martini. **WIDEN TO REVEAL** Sandy Belfer is in his big heart-shaped bed (sheet pulled up, nothing showing).

SANDY BELFER

Glenn, honey, I have a question for
you. What do you do for a living?

QUAGMIRE

Hey, I have a question for you, too.
Why are you still here?

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - EVENING (BACK TO SCENE)

JOE

Hey, what the heck happened to that
trophy, anyway?

BRIAN

I guess some mysteries are better
left unsolved.

PETER

Some mysteries? I say all mysteries.
Who killed Kennedy? Who cares!?

Everyone **ad-libs** their agreement.

EXT. GRIFFINS' SIDE YARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Brian stands next to a mound of dirt with a shovel stuck in it. He **digs** a bit with his paws, then pulls out the dirty Golden Clam trophy. He brushes it off and admires it.

BRIAN

(ECSTASY) Aaaaaah!

WIDEN TO REVEAL Rod Serling, still in black and white, smoking a cigarette. In the b.g., Brian kisses the trophy, puts it in the hole, and quickly backfills the dirt. He takes the shovel and exits the frame.

ROD SERLING

Submitted for your approval: A family
pet with the uncontrollable urge to
bury shiny objects in the yard, a
shameful secret that nearly buried
the peace and civility of an entire
neighborho--

Suddenly, we see the shovel swing around behind Serling from off-screen and **clang** against his head. He goes down like a ton of bricks, **REVEALING** Brian behind him, holding the shovel. Brian begins **digging** another hole, and we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Peter looks on as Lois pulls a blanket over Stewie, who lies in a crib, tossing and turning.

LOIS

Stewie seems a little feverish after his ordeal. And he keeps asking for pancakes. Let's just let him rest.

They exit. We **PUSH IN** on Stewie. Beads of sweat mark his brow.

STEWIE

(TORTURED) Flappy, what have you done to me? Oh, it's so hot! (THROWS BLANKET OFF) Now I'm freezing! (PULLS BACK BLANKET) Oh, what I wouldn't do for one syrup-soaked bite...

Stewie, delirious, looks up at the ceiling and sees himself crawling upside down towards him, a la "Trainspotting." His head slowly spins all the way around.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Ahhhh!

END OF SHOW